O'CONNELL'S COOLNESS.

A Story of the Irish Liberator and a Falling Floor.

Daniel O'Connell was once addressing an enormous meeting in Kingstown, and the crowd was so large that fear was felt for the safety of the building. As he was about to speak a gentleman ascended the platform and said, trembling with fear: "Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams are cracking, and we shall all fall through in a few minutes." It is not given to many men to live through such moments as O'Connell lived through as he rose to address the meeting nor to preserve such magnificent courage in the face of great peril. Warning the man to keep quiet, the liberator said, "I find this room too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must therefore leave it and hold the meeting outside." A few rose to leave, but the hall was still packed, and then O'Connell said: "Then I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen and therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be safe. Let the dozen men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next dozen, and so on until all have gone. I shall be the last to leave." The Irishmen followed the advice, the hall was quickly cleared, and as O'Connell walked across the floor the broken beams gave way.—Oxford Chronicle.

Some British Lawmaking.

It may surprise some folks to learn that plenty of British laws have been drawn up so carelessly and written in such muddled language that they are quite useless for their intended purpose.

One of the acts passed in George III.'s reign, for instance, states that the proceeds of penalties were to be given half to the informer and half to the poor of the parish. The absurdity lies in the fact that the only penalty which could be inflicted was one of transportation for fourteen years.

In 1865 a well known Q. C. created a lot of amusement by proposing an amendment worded as follows: "Every dog found trespassing on inclosed land unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog or other person, who shall on being asked for his true name and address may be then and there employed by such occupier or by his orders." This gem of meaninglessness was, however, not passed.—London Tit-Bits.

Ebony, the Wood of Kings.

While many of the hardwoods in use at the present day are of comparatively recent introduction, ebony was known and highly esteemed by a number of ancient races and used by them for kingly and other purposes. While the name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees, all kinds are of great density and dark color, the heaviest varieties being, as a rule, also the darkest. There are three varieties of ebony well known in the trade. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. London is still the chief mart for this wood, and from there it is shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes.—Popular Mechanics.

The Deteriorating Turkish Lady.

Eating sweetmeats, smoking cigarettes, scolding the slaves and talking scandal are the chief diversions of the Turkish lady, with now and then a visit to a low class theater, and her physique, and with it that of the race, is rapidly deteriorating for want of fresh air and exercise. The much disputed question as to whether woman is the possessor of an immortal soul has left its mark on the female population. They have ceased to base any great hopes on such an uncertainty and live, feed and behave so like the "beasts that perish" that to the flippant modern Turk it seems that, if endowed with souls at all, they must be so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of saving.—Chambers' Magazine.

The Card Table In Crimson Gulch.

"Do you think it is polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam, "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—Washington Star.

An Old Hand.

Tailor (to applicant for a job)—We want a good cutter. Have you had much experience in the tailoring line?

Applicant (with a confident smile)—I never had a suit of clothes ready when I said I would since I've been in the business.

Tailor—You'll do. You're an old hand, I see.

Satisfaction.

Casey—Kelly called me a loyer, but Oi got satisfaction out av him.

'Rooney—Ye did?

Casey—Oi did! He knocked out two av me teeth thot hov bin throubling me fer months.—Puck.

The Middle Class.

Society has been likened to a barrel of pork. The upper and lower layers are sometimes a little tainted, but what is between is always good.—Chicago Tribune.

Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.—New York Press.

Cast iron articles were first made in England in the year 1700.

THE TOP OF VESUVIUS.

A Visit to the Crater of the Seething Volcano.

There was no life on that bare, black, birdless cone, and as we climbed an icy wind began to blow, and the lava dust stung the face like hail. The crust was warm to the feet. I dipped my hand into an aperture the size of a rabbit hole and withdrew it hot and wet. On every side the smoke eddied up from tiny craters, but all these things were details in face of that everlasting vomit of black smoke from the crater.

The wind raged above us as we drew near the crater, and the lava dust spat more viciously; the sulphurous smoke hid the world from our view. It was as if the lieutenants of that angry monarch strove to prevent mortals from gazing too closely at her infernal orgies. On hands and knees we grabbled our way up the cone, coughing, blinded by the smoke, buffeted by the icy wind. We reached the verge of the crater and threw ourselves on our faces. I peered for one moment into that caldron of fire and smoke. The guide clutched my arm and motioned me to follow him round the edge of the crater. I crawled after him, crying, "Enough!" But he did not hear. He could not have heard a foghorn in the roar of that wind.

"Enough!" I bawled, trying to grab him. "E-nough!" I roared, clutching at his leg. He shrugged his shoulders, and, taking my arm, we plunged down through the lava. A few paces below he stopped. I bent toward him and through the screams of the wind heard him say, "Give me a leetle present to buy macaroni."—Academy.

Vitality of the Centiped.

The sight of a full grown centiped is said by travelers in tropical lands to be enough to unnerve the strongest nerves. Ten to eleven inches is the average length, although larger ones have been seen. Lafcadio Hearn in "Two Years in the French West Indies" says that the vitality of the centiped is amazing.

Mr. Hearn kept one in a bottle, without food or water, for thirteen weeks, at the end of which time it remained active and dangerous as ever. The centiped has one natural enemy able to cope with him—the hen.

The hen attacks him with delight and often swallows him, head first, without taking the trouble to kill him. The cat hunts him, but she is careful never to put her head near him. She has a trick of whirling him round and round upon the floor so quickly as to stupefy him; then, when she sees a good chance, she strikes him dead with her claws.

There are superstitions concerning the creature which have a good effect in diminishing his tribe. If you kill a centiped, you are sure to receive money soon, and even if you dream of killing one it is good luck.

An Unlucky Citizen.

"Yes, sir," said the town story teller, "he wuz the onluckiest feller that ever drawed the breath of life an' a week's wages."

"You don't say?"

"Fact. Clumb a pine tree once when he seen the sheriff comin' to levy on him, harricane come along, blowed the tree down an' landed him in the only vacant seat in the sheriff's buggy; sheriff started to jail with him; met by lynchin' party, who mistook him fer 'nuther man, an' strung him up, an' he'd almost quit kickin' when some un cut him down an' hauled him home jest as his mother-in-law had finished writin' his obituary an' wuz standin' before the glass to see how well she looked in mournin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Dog.

Man is the best friend of the dog. Horses come next, but between the dog and all other farm animals, from the house cat to the cow and the beef steer, there seems to be a natural enmity. Dogs, however, are fond of sheep and goats—but as diet, not as living friends. Cows and sheep and goats should be kept as free from association with dogs as is possible, with the exception of the trained shepherd dog. A dog walking through a cow-pen will often cause a decrease in milk flow that amounts to more than the cash value of the dog. Many dogs are worth considerably less than $0.00.—Farm and Ranch.

Singular Marriage Custom.

When two Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, are united, the whole tribe is assembled, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing near to each other. The elders then bend the branches until the heads of the couple meet. When the heads have thus come into contact, the marriage is legally accomplished, and great rejoicings take place, a fantastic dance completing the ceremony.

The Honorable Members.

"I suppose the arrival of new congressmen from time to time has a tendency to give variety to life in the Capital City?"

"Not a great deal," answered the man who is more or less cynical. "It merely means the introduction of new names into the same old anecdotes."—Washington Star.

In His Mind.

"Braggy says his grandfather lost his mind because of the loss of his fortune."

"He's just got the story twisted. He lost his fortune because of the loss of his mind. That's where he had his fortune."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Impossible.

Biggs—They say Mrs. Gabbleton is guilty of an attempt at blackmail.

Diggs—I don't believe it.

Biggs—Why not?

Diggs—No woman on earth would think of accepting "hush money."—Chicago News.

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COR. ACADEMY & HALSEY STS.
One block east of the Post Office.
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NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, executor and trustee of Wright C. Stout, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the second day of January 1904. Dated November 20, 1903.

G. LEE STOUT.

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100 STORES Under One Roof. 100 STORES

Three to five times more useful, desirable, appropriate and acceptable presents for personal comfort and home service than any other store in New Jersey contains. Every section a department, not merely a counter, but a complete store.

The front of our building has a thirty-six-foot statue of Santa Claus, which at night is illuminated by several scores of electric lamps. The benign expression of countenance of the "grand old man" is remarked by everyone.

Inside there is a court with many columns, 35 feet wide, 200 feet deep and 108 feet high. The decorations in this court eclipse all others. Festoons of incandescent and elbe lights, 4,000 in number, extend from cornice to peristyle and from nadir to apex. Red bows, with golden letters, and a pretty "Merry Christmas" in green lights complete the court decoration.

Beyond the bridge extending across the court is a tableau of beauty and interest. Santa Claus has fallen asleep, and as his heart is so thoroughly filled with love and affection for the children he naturally dreams of them and their happiness. This delightful picture is shown with something of a tableau effect.

It is needless to mention that all this beauty of locality and appealing Christmas sentiment is located right in HAHNE & CO.'S magnificent twelve acre store at Broad and New Streets.

Every department teems with the most desirable goods suitable as Christmas presents and glows with the freshness of the newest products of the best designers and artisans of every country.

From Germany, Switzerland, Austria, France and other nations, as well as from many parts of America, come toys by the thousands, all the way from the little marble at one cent to electrical and other finely constructed playthings at high prices.

You will see here birds in cages that sing, dancing and walking dolls, performing bears, mechanical animals of all kinds, automobiles, steam and mechanical; trains on tracks, mechanical and electric steam engines, steam and mechanical boats.

The boys will all want one of the railroads, complete with track, tunnels, stations, roundhouses, switches, crossings, bumpers, signal lights, etc. Then come trolley cars, hill-climbing toys, steam and mechanical fire engines, and so many more wonderful toys that this ad. cannot mention them all.

The dolls at HAHNE & CO.'S have pretty faces, not blank, idiotic stares, as so often noticed in dolls of the cheap and unworthy kind; and yet these dolls of HAHNE & CO.'S are in all conscience as cheap as anyone could wish to make the prices.

Fine fancy furniture, rich imported rugs, fascinating designs and textiles of upholstery, cut glass and bric-a-brac, lamps, silver, clothing, furs, dinner and tea sets, art needlework and jewelry—in fact, an unending and unceasing collection of desirable and appropriate presents are on sale at HAHNE & CO.'S.

It is worthy of especial mention that everyone of HAHNE & CO.'S departments is a department, entirely so. Just as much a complete store as any in its line (alone) anywhere in the world. The idea of marking off twelve or fifteen feet, or running in a counter, and calling it a department, is foreign to the HAHNE & CO. idea of the eternal fitness of things.

HAHNE & CO.'S Book Department, always three to four times bigger than any other book store in Newark, has been extended into the men's clothing department for the holiday season. You should just see the piles and piles of the most elevating literature, in beautiful bindings and at almost sensationally low prices.

A person can go into HAHNE & CO.'S store at 8:30 A. M., pass a pleasant and profitable shopping experience, take lunch in the restaurant, and put in the remainder of the day in buying. To make a thorough and complete tour of the store will take at least one whole day, but it will be a day very profitably spent.

HAHNE & CO. have more salespeople, increased selling space and better delivery service than ever. But go early in the morning if you can. From now until Christmas it's more a question of what to buy with most people than a matter of price; nevertheless, with many it's important that their Christmas money go as far as possible. Recollect that the HAHNE prices are positively the lowest, that under no conditions, no matter how urgent may be the public's demands, do they lose sight of the great factor of their business, BIG VALUES AT SMALL PRICES.

Some of the advantages which insure safety and comfort to patrons during the busy Christmas shopping season are a strictly fire-proof building, with plenty of exits, broad stairs and aisles, seventeen large elevators, an abundance of daylight and perfect ventilation, found in New Jersey only in the HAHNE store.

On and after Wednesday, December the sixteenth, HAHNE & CO. will keep their store open evenings until Christmas.

Santa Claus Letters.
Letters written to Santa Claus will be answered if the addresses be plainly given.
Letters may be dropped in our Christmas Box at Santa Claus's workshop or sent thro' the U. S. mail.

Our Deliveries.
We have 125 delivery wagons and will do our best to get your purchases home promptly. You will confer a favor and greatly accelerate our deliveries if you take small packages with you.

Our Store Location,
Broad, New and Halsey Streets.
All Broad Street Trolley Cars pass our doors.
From Market Street transfer north on Broad Street.

Hahne & Co.'s Grand Christmas Bazaar, Newark.

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